THE COMPILER is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHLE, at $1 75 per annum if paid strictly IN ADVANCE—$2 00 per annum if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING done with neatness and dispatch.

OFFICE in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment—"COMPILER" on the sign.

Edward B. Buehler,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. He speaks the German language.—Office at the same place, in South Baltimore street, near Forney's drug store, and nearly opposite Danner & Ziegler's store.

Gettysburg, March 20.

D. McConaughy,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, (office one door west of Buehler's drug and book store, Chambersburg street,) ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR FOR PATENTS AND PENSIONS. Bounty Land Warrants, Back-pay suspended Claims, and all other claims against the Government at Washington, D. C.; also American Claims in England. Land Warrants located and sold, or bought, and highest prices given. Agents engaged in locating warrants in Iowa, Illinois and other western States. ☞ Apply to him personally or by letter.

Gettysburg, Nov. 21, '53.

Wm. B. McClellan,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office on the south side of the public square, 2 doors west of the Sentinel office.

Gettysburg, August 22, '53.

Wm. A. Duncan,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office in the Northwest corner of Centre Square, Gettysburg, Pa. [Oct. 3, 1859. tf

A. J. Cover,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will promptly attend to Collections and all other business entrusted to him. Office between Fahnestocks' and Danner & Ziegler's Stores, Baltimore street, Gettysburg, Pa. [Sept. 5, 1859.

J. C. Neely,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will attend to collections and all other business intrusted to his care with promptness. Office nearly opposite Fahnestock's Store, Baltimore street.

Gettysburg, April 11, 1859. tf

Dr. A. W. Dorsey,

FORMERLY of Carroll county, Md., having permanently located in Gettysburg, offers his professional services to the citizens of the town and surrounding country in the practice of the various branches of his profession. Office and residence, Baltimore street, next door to The Compiler office, where he may be found at all times when not professionally engaged.

REFERENCES.

Prof. Nathan R. Smith, Baltimore, Md.
Rev. Augustus Webster, D. D., Baltimore Md.
Dr. J. L. Warfield, Westminster, Md.
Dr. W. A. Mathias, " "
Jacob Reese, Esq., " "
John K. Longwell, Esq., " "
Geo. E. Wampler, Esq., " "
Rev. Thomas Bowen, Gettysburg.

Oct. 23, 1858. 6m

J. Lawrence Hill, M. D.

HAS his office one door west of the Lutheran church in Chambersburg street, and opposite Picking's store, where those wishing to have any Dental Operation performed are respectfully invited to call. REFERENCES: Drs. Horner, Rev. C. P. Krauth, D. D., Rev. H. L. Baugher, D. D., Rev. Prof. M. Jacobs, Prof. M. L. Stover.

Gettysburg, April 11, '53.

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber will sell his FARM, situated in Franklin township, Adams county, 2 miles west of Cashtown, on the Millerstown road. The Farm contains 75 ACRES—50 acres clear. The land is in a good state of cultivation, having been limed. There are all kinds of fruit—a thriving young Orchard of choice grafted fruit; also peaches, pears and plums of the best kinds. The buildings are a one and a half story STONE HOUSE, a large new Bank Barn, a Cooper Shop, &c. The Farm is in good order, and cannot be beat for raising potatoes. I calculate on raising eight hundred bushels this year. A never-failing spring of water at the door.

SAMUEL BINGAMAN.

Aug. 22, 1859. tf

Marble Yard Removed.

THE subscriber having removed his place of business to East York street, a short distance below St. James' Church, would announce to the public that he is still prepared to furnish all kinds of work in his line, such as Monuments, Headstones, &c., &c., of every variety of style and finish, with and without bases and sockets, to suit purchasers, and at prices to suit the times. Persons desiring anything in his line will find it a decided advantage to examine his stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

WM. B. MEALS.

Gettysburg, March 21, 1859.

Removal.

THE subscriber has removed his Plough and Machine Shop from the Foundry building to Railroad street, opposite Tate's Blacksmith shop, back of the Eagle Hotel, where he is better prepared than ever to attend to customers. Ploughs always on hand and made to order at the shortest notice, and Machines, Reapers, &c., repaired. Also he will attend to cleaning and repairing Clocks.

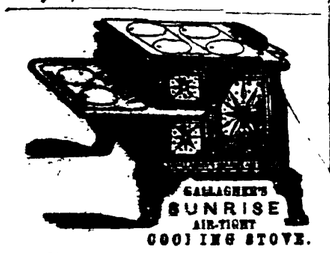
May 10. DAVID WARREN.

Private Sale.

THE subscriber offers at Private Sale, his HOUSE AND LOT, on High street, adjoining Solomon Powers. The House is a two-story Brick, nearly new, with a Back-building, and a well of water. Terms easy.

DAN'L F. PITTENTURF.

July 11, 1859. tf



Cook and Parlor Stoves.

ANDREW POLLEY would respectfully inform the public that he now has a lot of COOK and PARLOR STOVES, which he offers at prices to suit the times.

Gettysburg, Aug. 29, 1859.

Sugar Cane Mills,

SUGAR EVAPORATORS, Kettles, Cauldrons, Clarifying Pans, Steam Coil Kettles, Skimmers, Dippers, Moulds, Strainers, Filters, Saccharometers, Thermometers, etc., with information upon the subject of making Sugar, etc., from Chinese Cane.

Having arranged with Hodges, Free & Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, for license to manufacture their Improved Sugar Cane Mills and Sugar Kettles, and having procured patterns from the above named manufacturers, I can furnish on short notice any article in the line of Sugar Making Apparatus, all well tried and of the most reliable kind. Also, Scott's Little Giant Mills, for grinding corn in the cob.

☞ Catalogue and Treatise on Sugar Cane, etc., inclose three Postage Stamps, addressed

JAMES NEALL,
Spring Garden Iron Works, Corner of 11th & Cherry Streets, Philadelphia.

Aug. 1, 1859. 3m

A VARIETY of Fall Bonnets, Trimmings, Ruches, Flowers, &c., at A. SCOTT & SONS.

THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

BY H. J. STAHLE. "TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL." TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

42ND YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, OCT. 24, 1859. NO. 4.

Fairview Farm

AT PRIVATE SALE.—*A Very Desirable Property.*—This Farm is situated on the Mummasburg Turnpike, adjoins the Borough of Gettysburg, and is in sight of the Railroad Depot, containing 111 Acres and 70 Perches, more or less, 12 Acres of which is covered with Timber and about 20 Acres of Meadow. The improvements are a Two-story Weatherboarded Dwelling HOUSE, with a One-story Back-building, a good Barn, Mechanic's Shop, and other Out-buildings—all in good order. From the Piazza of the House you have a full view of the town, and can see the Cars arriving and departing. The land is mostly red soil, is of good quality, and susceptible of a high state of cultivation. Lime acts well on it, and can always be had at the Railroad Depot, one mile distant, at 12½ cents per bushel. There is a young Apple and Peach Orchard, and a great variety of fruit in the yard. A well of water at the door, and a never-failing Spring at the barn. This property, with very little expense, can be made a very desirable and most beautiful country residence, well calculated for a vineyard and vegetable farm.

☞ I will sell cheap and on the most accommodating terms. It will be shown either by Mr. Slentz, living on the premises, or myself, residing in town. GEORGE ARNOLD.

Gettysburg, Pa., Sept. 5, 1859.

Notice.

DANIEL FICKES'S ESTATE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Daniel Fickes, late of Huntington township, Adams co., deceased, having been granted the undersigned, (the first named residing in the same township, and the last named in Largan township, Franklin county, Pa.,) they hereby give notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ISAAC E. WIERMAN,
JOSIAH FICKES,
Sept. 19, 1859. 6t *Administrators.*

Watches, Jewelry,

AND SILVER WARE.—We would respectfully inform our friends, patrons and the public generally that we have just opened our New Watch, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware Establishment, at No. 622 Market street, where we offer Wholesale and Retail, at the lowest Cash Prices, a large and very choice stock of every description of goods usually kept in a first-class Watch and Jewelry Store.

We hope by untiring efforts to accommodate and please not only to retain all our former patrons, but merit and secure a large accession to the same.

Every description of Diamond Work and other Jewelry made to order at short notice.

All goods warranted to be as represented.

Particular attention given to the repairing of Watches and Jewelry of every description.

STAUFFER & HARLEY,
No. 622 Market street, South Side, Philadelphia.

N. B.—We will continue our Old Store, No. 148 North Second street, for a short time only.

Aug. 1. 1859. 3m

Globe Inn,

MECHANICSTOWN, Frederick county, Md.—Having been renovated and re-furnished, the proprietor assures the public that a call is only needed, as he guarantees full satisfaction in every case. Charges moderate.

HENRY HERR, Proprietor.

Feb. 14, 1859. tf

Real Estate Agency.

THE undersigned has made arrangements to open in Gettysburg an AGENCY for the sale of REAL ESTATE, to which he invites the attention of persons wishing to sell or purchase Farms or Real Estate. I have provided a Book in which will be registered (for a reasonable charge) a general description of such properties as parties wish to dispose of at private sale.—This Register will be open to those desirous of purchasing properties, free of charge. Secrecy as to ownership, terms, &c., will be invariably observed, when desired. Properties will also be extensively advertised under special contract.

☞ All necessary information can be obtained upon application to the undersigned at his residence in Gettysburg.

Sept. 19, '59. tf DANIEL PLANK.

Grain and Produce House,

ON CHAMBERSBURG STREET.—The undersigned having purchased the large building in the rear of his store on Chambersburg street, known as "Camp's Brewery," has converted it into a Produce Warehouse, and is now prepared to receive all kinds of Grain and Produce, to wit:

FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS, Seeds, &c., for which the highest market price will be given.

☞ To accommodate those who may prefer it, I will also receive on COMMISSION and forward Produce of all kinds, having made arrangements for that purpose with a responsible house in the city.

I also continue my Grocery and Variety Store, and keep on hand GROCERIES of all kinds, Salt, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Teas, Rice, Oils, Spices, Fish, Cedar-ware, &c. Having just received a very large supply, purchased on remarkably favorable terms, I am prepared to furnish Country Dealers very cheaply, and will sell at all times, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. The public are invited to call before purchasing elsewhere, as I am determined to sell as cheap as the cheapest, on the principle of "Quick Sales and Small Profits." JOHN SCOTT.

Gettysburg, Sept. 5, 1859.

Removal.

THE subscriber informs his friends and the public that he has removed his large Boot and Shoe Establishment, to the southeast corner of Centre Square, Gettysburg, where he has now on hand, and will continue to keep for sale, an extensive variety of work, of his own manufacture. The work is made up in the best and most durable manner, including all the newest styles, and embraces BOOTS & SHOES, Men's, Women's and Children's GAITERS, in short, every article usually to be found in a first class establishment of the kind. He has now and will continue to have employed a number of workmen, "hard to beat," to make up customer work. That he will sell CHEAP, is easily proven. Give him a call, examine his Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, and get his prices. With unexceptionable work and low rates, he hopes for and expects a fair share of the public's patronage.

☞ Shoemakers are informed that he always keeps on hand "UPPERS," for Shoes and Gaiters, ready for boarding, which he disposes of on pleasing terms. JOHN BALLWEG.

Sept. 12, 1859. 1y

Spouting.

GEORGE & HENRY WAMPLER will make House Spouting and put up the same low, for cash or country produce. Carpenters and all others wishing their houses, barns, &c., spouted, would do well to give them a call.

April 18, '53. tf G. & H. WAMPLER.

SOAP STONE GRIDDLES, for baking cakes, adapted in size to any stove—for sale at Sheads, Buehler & Kurtz's Stove Ware Room. These griddles do away with the use of grease in the baking of griddle cakes, and are come into general use. Aug. 8.

ANY quantity of VESTS—embracing Satins, Velvets, Silk, Italian Cloth, Mousolines, and in fact every imaginable kind to be had cheaper than ever of PICKING'S.

Poet's Corner.

THE WEE BIT BIRDIE.

There was a little maiden
Walked at her father's side,
All through the daisied meadows
In the cool eventide.

He called her his wee bit birdee,
For, as they went along,
To him her clatter sounded
More sweet than any song.

And the blinking stars, and the stillness,
And the amber-swimming West,
Filled with wonder and feeling
The wee bit birdee's breast.

And she prattled a hundred fancies,
Child like, quaint and fair—
She longed to be the thistle-down,
And sail the evening air;

And watch, from the midway ether
The deep green earth grow dim;
Then follow the sinking sun, to break
In some brightening East with him.

Or, in an ancient forest
To live as a Fairie Queen,
And be served by a myriad sportive sprites
In silver suit and sheen;

And the never-failing flowers to wear
That grow by the Prairie wells,
And over the Fairie lakes to glide,
To the chiming of unseen bells.

And to speak, and a palace fine should stand
Where the wood-grass whistled wild,
Porphry arches, and carven pearl,
Over crystal pillars piled.

Once again he walked the meadows,
In the gloaming's golden grey,
But not the wee bit birdie came
That daisy-whitened way.

For we suffer as will we do not ken,
And the kind mysterious Powers
Had changed those child-like dreams to fact,
In a higher sense than ours.

And her pulsing stream of soul had run
To its main-like home afar,
Beyond the light of the farthest sun
And the highest hanging star.

And purer blooms the wee bird wore
Than in Fairie-world e'er blew,
And a brighter than Fairie crown she bore,
And a sweeter life she knew.

Miscellaneous.

Battle of Waterloo.

The following singular anecdote is told in connection with this battle, in Rev. James White's History of France: "It was a Sunday, and while all the church bells in England were calling the people to prayer, the cannonade commenced. Everybody was in expectation of a battle. It was known in England that Napoleon had crossed over into the Netherlands, and that Wellington was ready to meet him. News was slow of coming, and people's hearts were sick with the expectation of the next mail. It chanced that between the services on that eventful Sunday, a clergyman in Kent was walking in his garden. His gardener was an old soldier who had fought in Spain. He said: 'There's a fight going on, sir, somewhere; for I remember, when we were in the Peninsula we always knew when a cannonade was taking place, wherever it might be, by a crumbling of fresh mould.' He took a spade and dug down a single foot, and along the smooth surface left by the steel an imperceptible trembling shook down little pellets of the soil.—'That's it, sir,' said the gardener, 'they are at it, sure enough.' Before the next Sunday came round, the news had spread from end to end of the sea-girt isle."

A Cold Winter Predicted.

About ten days ago a tremendous drove of gray squirrels, numbering hundreds of thousands, suddenly made their appearance on the Merimac, covering the trees and waters like a pall. Thousands of them were afterwards found dead in the river and on the ground.—They crossed the Mississippi at that point, and worked their way down the river, until on Wednesday they reached Cape Girardeau, crossing the river, at that point in countless myriads. The citizens turned out en masse, and killed them by hundreds. Every tree and brush in that vicinity swarmed with them until night, when they all disappeared, and have not been heard from since. Their route was marked as by a devastating storm. Trees were girdled and fields destroyed. Old French settlers predict a very severe winter, as it was noticed in 1834 and '52 that immense droves of squirrels suddenly made their appearance; followed by intensely severe weather.—*St. Louis Express, 24th.*

☞ Scene—a well shaded street in a town; time—morning in early summer: little birds chirping and twittering among the leaves and branches of the trees. Enter a group of boys armed with bows and arrows, keenly intent upon shooting the little birds. Benevolent middle aged lady watches them from a window. After a time lady breaks out with—

"Boys! boys! go away. Don't shoot the little birds.—I'll send for the police and have you arrested. The birds don't hurt you.—What are you shooting them for? Go away and let 'em alone."

Sharp boy replies, (who has suspended operations and listened)—

"Well now, madam, what's the use of your blowin'? We can't hit 'em?"

☞ It is said of the Marquis of Townsend, that when young and engaged in battle, he saw a drummer at his side killed by a cannon ball, which scattered his brains in every direction. His eyes were at once fixed on the ghastly object, which seemed to engross his thoughts. A superior officer observing him, supposed he was intimidated at the sight, and addressed him in a manner to cheer his spirits. "O," said the young marquis, with calmness, but severity, "I am puzzled to make out how any man with such a quantity of brains came to be here!"

☞ In one of his "Preachings upon Popular Proverbs" Timothy Titcomb says—"The truth is that the great brotherhood and sisterhood of sin groan under the uncharitable judgments of those who, but for circumstances interposed by other power than their own, would have been among their number." Rather bold, that, Timothy, but true.

☞ What strange creatures girls are.—Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and ten chances to one if the old woman *can spare any of her girls*—but just propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a life-time for their victuals and clothes.

☞ As no man can tell where a shoe pincheth better than he that wears it, so no man can tell a woman's disposition better than he that hath wedded her.

☞ Some folks' recommendation of their friends, with a qualifying remark at the end of it, is like the cow who gives a good mess of milk and then kicks it over.

The Test of Love

"If I ever marry," said Margaret Baily to her cousin Olivia, "it will be a man who does not live entirely for himself, but who, out of the benevolence of a charitable heart, will not pass unheaded the cry of the widow and orphan who call on him for relief."

"You speak warmly, Margaret."

"Because I feel it. I have always thought that a charitable man would make a good husband."

"But how will you be able to judge of this? You are an heiress, and of course you have many suitors. Do you not believe that any one of them would be willing to don a charitable mood for awhile, if they supposed that upon this issue, depended the hand of the wealthy heiress."

"Perhaps you are right," said Margaret thoughtfully; but she added suddenly, "an idea has just come into my head, by which I think this embarrassment can be avoided."

"What is it?" asked Olivia curiously.

"Let me confess, in the first place, that among all who are generally considered suitors for my hand, perhaps fortune would be the more appropriate word, there is none whom I would think of as a husband except Herbert Lee and Henry Ainsworth. The former you know is wealthy, the latter a clerk dependent on his income which I should judge was not large. Now, I have a mind to subject these two to a test."

"A good idea, but how will you manage it," asked Olivia.

"You know there is a poor family in Allen street, the one of whom we heard to day, consisting of a mother, who is sick, and three young children. Now I am going, anonymously of course, to recommend this family to the charitable offices of both Herbert Lee and Henry Ainsworth, and we will see the result. They will not recognise your handwriting; therefore I want you to take pen and paper and write a note at my dictation."

Olivia procured the writing materials and her cousin dictated as follows:

"Dear Sir—Though a stranger to you, I take the liberty of calling your attention to the cause of a poor family now living in a single room in Allen street, who in consequence of the illness of the mother who has hitherto supported them by plain sewing, are reduced to extreme want. A little aid at this time would be to them like the visit of an angel from heaven. Will you extend it? At least call upon them and you will be convinced that this is but a simple, plain statement of the truth. CHARITY."

The note was copied and dispatched through the post office to the address of both gentlemen.

Perhaps three days afterwards Herbert Lee called at Margaret's residence. Margaret adroitly led the conversation to the subject of charity and charitable institutions.

"Ah," said Herbert Lee, "that reminds me of an odd circumstance. I received a letter the other day recommending to my notice a poor family in Allen street. It was signed Charity, and advised me to go and see them."

"And did you go," asked Margaret quickly.

"No!" was the laughing reply. "I haven't time to waste in hunting up all the destitute families in the city. I should have my hands full."

"But the family may be suffering from want."

"If they are, Charity would be in better business in relieving them himself than in sending anonymous letters of advice to others."

Would Herbert Lee have laughed so merrily if he had known the effect of his want of feeling on her whom he was most anxious to please?

"I think after all," said Margaret, when Herbert had withdrawn, "that I must go and see Mrs. Green myself. If Henry Ainsworth is no more charitable than Herbert, she will fare very hard."

The ladies arrayed themselves for a walk. A few minutes brought them to the residence of the widow of whom they were in search.

To their surprise they found, on being admitted, that a cheerful fire was glowing in the stove, while a pleasant smell of dinner filled the apartment. On the table by the side of the window was some medicine. The hearth was brushed up, and the room, though scantily furnished, presented a neat and very comfortable appearance.

Margaret looked around in surprise.

"I was led to believe," said she, "that you were in great want."

"So we are," said Mrs. Green: "But thanks to the generosity of a noble young gentleman, who stepped forward to our relief, we are no longer so."

"Indeed; who was it that thus befriended you?"

"His name is Ainsworth. He sent for a doctor for me, and at his own cost purchased food and coals, so that, by the blessing of God, I hope soon to recover my health, and then all will go right once more."

After a little more conversation, Margaret and her cousin withdrew, leaving with Mrs. Green some money for her present necessities.

That evening Herbert Lee offered his hand to Margaret Baily, and to his surprise, no less his discomfiture, she refused.

A week afterwards Henry Ainsworth made his appearance. He seemed unusually thoughtful.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Margaret gaily.

He looked at her earnestly a moment, and then replied, "I will indeed tell you the subject of my thoughts, and ask you to forgive me afterwards. It is, I know, an act of presumption for a poor clerk to speak of love—of marriage to a wealthy heiress, but I cannot keep it secret any longer,—I love you, Margaret, with truth and sincerity. Do you pardon me?"

"No," said Margaret promptly, "for you have said nothing that requires it. And if you do indeed think me worthy of taking you may have me and welcome."

"Do I hear aright?" was the delighted reply. "How have I deserved such good fortune?"

"Listen and I will tell you. I had resolved never to marry one unless I was convinced that he was charitable. Last week you received an anonymous letter recommending a poor family to your charitable notice. I find that you have visited them and relieved their necessities. I feel that I can safely trust my happiness in your hands, since you have nobly stood the test."

"Truly," said Henry Ainsworth, as his eyes lighted up with gratitude, "charity is its own exceeding great reward."

Corn Beef.—Fresh beef, boiled in very salt water, is said to be sweeter, and tenderer, than that which has been pickled before cooking—and any family that can get fresh beef, may *corn* it as they want it.

Rather Curious.—A woman will tolerate tobacco-smoke in a man she likes, and even say she likes it; and yet curiously enough, how she dislikes it in a man she dislikes!

☞ Be sure not to tell the first falsehood and you need not fear being detected in any subsequent ones.

Thrilling Incident.

One beautiful summer's afternoon, I, in company with my wife and child—a little prattling fellow of six years—started out for a walk. A little dog that was very much attached to the child, persisted in following us. Twice had I driven him back; the last time, I thought, effectually. The afternoon was very fine, and so I slowly followed the serpent-like windings of the railroad, conversation very naturally turned to the scenes and little incidents of our walk. The gayly plumed songster, the chattering squirrel, and the humming bee, all conspired to take our attention.

Becoming wearied, at length, we sat ourselves down on a grassy knoll by the side of the railroad, about two hundred yards below where a sharp angle occurs, hiding it from view. Our little boy was higher up on the bank, busily plucking the blue-bells and dandelions, that grew in profusion around, and we lost sight of him altogether.

My wife was engaged in perusing a copy of "Baxter's Saint's Rest," while I had cast myself on the grass beside her, enwraped in the beauty of the landscape spread before me. There was a field of tasseling corn gently waved to and fro, while here and there a field of sweet-scented clover shed its grateful fragrance on the air. 'Twas like some enchanted bower—the silence broken only by the tinkling of sheep's bells and the lowing of kine, as they peacefully grazed in the distant pasture. I was thinking of the infinite goodness and wisdom of the Great Creator in thus making earth so beautiful for poor sinful man, and how thousands are swept away from its charms forever, and are forgotten, when I was aroused from my reverie by the shrill whistle of the approaching train. Instinctively I turned to look for little Harry, when a quick exclamation from my wife caused me to turn.

She was as pale as death. "William, look at our child," she faintly whispered. I did so; and, my God! who can tell the agony that wrung my heart at this instant! The little recreant had wandered up the track unheeded, and had sat himself down on one of the oaken sleepers to cull his flowers, just below the curve, unconscious of the death that hovered near him.

I started up the track towards him, beckoning him to come to me as I advanced. Instead of doing so, he apprehended some playful sport, commenced running directly up the track, and laughing gleefully as he went.—The smoke from the advancing engine was at this instance visible; it was not possible that I could overtake him in time to save him from that cruel death. As it was, I was but hurrying him on to his doom. No, it was evident my efforts could be of no avail. I breathed a prayer to Him on high and staggered back.

At this moment the sharp bark of a dog broke upon my ear. With one gleeful bound our boy cleared the track and grasped the little woolly intruder in his arms.

The train rushed round the curve with a whizzing sound. The iron monster was cheated of his prey. I am an old man, but I must confess that as I once more held our little truant in my arms, safe, the tear of gratitude started to my eye. The little dog had perseveringly followed the child unseen, to be the means of saving his life. Blind, blind is he who could not see the finger of God in this.—*American Presbyterian.*

A Valuable Manure.

No manure is so well worth saving in October and November as the now falling leaves of the season. According to Payne, they contain nearly three times as much nitrogen as ordinary barn yard manure; and every gardener who has strewn and covered them in his trenches late in the fall or in December, must have noticed the next season how black and moist the soil is that adheres to the thrifty young beets he pulls. No vegetable substance yields its woody fibre and becomes soluble quicker than leaves, and from this very cause they are soon dried up, scattered to the winds and wasted, if not now gathered and trenched in, or composted, before the advent of severe winter.

Death from a Wound Inflicted by a Rooster Confirmed.—Some time ago a statement was published, taken from the Newport *Gazette*, Perry county, Pa., to the effect that a Mr. Black, of Newport, had died in consequence of an incision made by a rooster with its spurs, in the arteries of the hand, imitating previous to his death the flapping and crowing of a rooster. The statement has gone the rounds of the press, accompanied in most by comments of an incredulous nature. But it appears to have been true, nevertheless. The Harrisburg *Patriot* is informed by a gentleman from Newport, who was present at Mr. Black's death, that the account published in the *Gazette* of that place is strictly true in every particular; that Mr. Black suffered the most excruciating agony, and that he made attempts to crow, flapping his arms and making a noise so similar to a rooster that those outside the house were persuaded to believe it was one, until he was relieved by death.

Dead or Drunk?—A queer story is told in a late English paper of an inmate of a workhouse, who fell in such a state that it was difficult to say whether he was dead or "dead drunk." The opinion of the doctors, however, was taken, and he was pronounced to be in the former condition; but while the clergyman was "improving" the event, the pauper recovered from his *spiritual* trance, and was discovered to be listening, with earnest attention, to his own funeral sermon!

A Retort Direct.—A clergyman from a neighboring town and one of his parishioners were walking home from church one icy day last winter, when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The minister looking at him a moment, and being assured he was not much hurt, said to him: "Friend, sinners stand on slippery places." The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said, "I see they do; *but I can't.*"—*Providence Post.*

☞ "What's that?" asked Mrs. Partington, looking up at the column on the Place Vendome, during her late visit to Paris.—"The pillar of Napoleon," was the answer. "Well, I never did," she exclaimed, "and that's his pillow! He was a great man to use that; but it's more like a bolster. And it's made of iron, I do believe. Ah! Isaac, see what it is to be great. How hard his head must have rested on that ironical pillow."

☞ Mr. Snub perceived that the milk he was pouring into his coffee-cup was none of the richest. On this he said to his hostess: "Haven't you any milk that is a little more cheerful than this?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, this milk seems overpowered with the 'blues.'"

☞ It has been well said of the home of the scolding wife, that "It's a bad house where the hen crows louder than the cock."

☞ The error of a moment is often the sorrow of a life.

Quitman on the Stump.

"When Gen. Quitman—glorious old hero!—was a candidate for the Governorship of Mississippi, in opposition to Foote, the present writer happened to see something of the canvass. At one point in the interior of the State, Gen. Quitman was addressing a vast meeting, and arousing all that wild enthusiasm which he was well calculated to inspire in the hearts of the masses. He began by saying that he had come into that section a poor, friendless youth; that he had met the hand of good fellowship, and had been lifted by it through the various grades of public position; he was deeply sensible that he owed to that people all that he was, all that he hoped to be; a lifetime devoted to their service could never repay them. About this period a fellow directly in front of the stand, whose coon-skin cap and patch-work coat of many colors proclaimed him to be a mountaineer, burst forth with a loud yell:

"'Gin'ral! you're punkins!"

"Considerably enlivened, the General went on: 'Gentlemen, when the tocsin of war sounded over the land, I endeavored to prove, to the extent of my humble capacity, not unworthy of your confidence. It is always an individous task to speak of self, but I think I may safely say that the flag of Mississippi under my guidance, was ever among the foremost in danger and in victory!"

"The fellow in the coon-skin cap again led the crowd in a shout of tremendous excitement:

"Gin'ral! you're *some* punkins!"

"Quitman continued: 'The rush of war is over; I return to you in the garb of peace. I find you torn by political agitation; and my friends are kind enough to think that I can be of service in this crisis. If so, I am willing and anxious to serve. I have toiled for you unremittingly; I am ready to toil for you still. You know the present issue, and you know my views. Therefore it is that I come before you to-day, asking to be made Governor of this State!'

"Coon-skin could contain his emotions no longer. With tears streaming from his eyes he dashed his cap upon the ground, and exclaimed:

"'Gin'ral! I'm goll darned ef you ain't all punkins! an' we've kept you workin' fur us all yer life, an' it's a durn shame, so it is! I'go in fur lettin' you rest a little bit now; an' so *I'll jest vote for the other man!*'

"The General's speech came to an abrupt termination; and several persons were heard to inquire how 'that same old coon,' had forced himself into the meeting."

A Biblical Reputation.

Mr. Lord, who is now residing in Illinois, was, a short time since, residing from Jacksonville to Peoria, in that State, and as he was passing a hut by the road-side, he noticed a shaggy-headed boy of about eight years of age, with large eyes and no hat, dressed in a worn out pair of his father's trousers, trying to balance himself on the splintered top of a hickory stump.

More for the purpose of breaking the monotony of riding all day without speaking, than to gain information, Mr. Lord reined his horse up to the fence and exclaimed:

"My little boy, can you tell me how far it is to Singamon Bottom?"

The boy poised himself on one leg, opened his large eyes to their largest extent; and replied:

"'Bout six miles I reckon."

"Do you live in that house?" inquired Mr. Lord.

"I reckon," was the reply.

"Do you enjoy yourself out here in the woods?"

"A heap."

"What ails your pants?"

"Tore 'em," was the laconic answer.

Finding that he had hold of a genius that could not be pumped, Mr. Lord turned his head to depart, but in return was now hailed by the boy, who, in a comical, half reluctant tone, exclaimed:

"What mout your name be?"

"*Lord,*" was the reply.

The boy here grinned all over, even to the wrinkles in his father's trousers, and seemed hardly able to suppress a broad snicker.

"You seem pleased," said Lord; "perhaps you never heard *the name* before?"

"Yes, I have," replied the youngster, "I've heard pap read about you!"

Lord put spurs to his horse, and says that even the thought to which the incident gave rise, were not sufficient to keep him from snickering throughout the rest of the journey.

This is Poetry.

Oh, if there is one earthly bliss
More precious than an other,
It is when, with delight, you kiss a pretty
girl when she sends a certain individual out
of the room on the important errand of seeing
what hour is indicated by the hand of the
family time piece down stairs—
Certain individual being her brother,
While musing thus one summer's eve,
As by the fair one's side I sat,
The time was near at hand to leave, so, stealing my arm around her waist, I drew her gently to me, and when in the act of applying my lips to her's, the door was softly opened, and her respected "Ma" armed with a broom-stick, and before I knew where I was,
I was knocked into a cocked hat.

A Poem on Niagara.

Niagara!!!!!!!!!! Oh!
Never saw anything like it!!!!! No!
So immense is the cataract! So mighty; So grand!!
If you built a house under it, the house would'nt stand!
What an awful!!! sight!!!! to see!!
Forget it? No!! Sir!!'ee!!!!!

☞ "Charley," said a father to his son while they were working at a saw mill, "what possesses you to associate with such girls as you do? When I was of your age I could go with girls of the first cut." "The first cut is always a slab," said the son, as he assisted the old man in rolling a log.

☞ The author of the following exquisite "pome" is said to be a distant relative of Alexander Smith, or some other of our modern poicks. He is in a fair way, however, to become more celebrated than Alexander:

Abigail Brown,
With a bran new gown,
Went down to see her sister;
When Jonathan Lee,
As brisk as a flea,
Jumped right up—and kissed her.

☞ "What wise compensation Providence does afford," exclaimed a pretty belle during a late gale; "the same wind that smashes our crinoline blows dust in the eyes of the wicked young men who would take advantage of our admirable confusion." Philosophical young woman that, says an exchange.

☞ In doing what we ought, we deserve no praise, because it is our duty.

☞ The suicides throughout the United States now average about nine a week.

Sir John Franklin.

The London newspapers, just received by the *Canada*, contain details, to the extent of several columns, of the discovery of the time and place of Sir John Franklin's death. But with the political as well as the increasing advertising pressure upon our columns, it is impossible for us to give these so fully as our less favored contemporaries may do. But, from the *London Critic* of the 24th ult., we give the following summary, containing the real points of these reports—the essence, as it were, of a very interesting but greatly spun-out narrative:

"It is now established beyond possibility of question that Sir John Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847; that the ships were abandoned on April 22d, 1848, and were left in the ice by one hundred and five—the survivors of the crews—who attempted, under the command of Captain Crozier, to reach the Great Fish River. During the researches, Captain McClintock met with an intelligent old Esquimaux woman, who informed him that in the fall of 1847 one of the ships was forced ashore, and that 'many of the white men dropped by the way, as they went toward the Great River.' Of this fact the discovery party came upon evidence too cogent to admit of doubt; for, on the 24th of May, when about ten miles eastward of Cape Herschell, they came upon a bleached skeleton, around which lay fragments of European clothing, and beneath the snow lay a small pocket-book, containing fragments of letters decayed, but yet to be deciphered. Judging from the remains of his dress, this unfortunate young man was a steward or officers servant, and his position exactly verified the Esquimaux's assertion, that he 'dropped as he walked along.' All this, however, is as nothing to the discoveries of Lieutenant Hobson, on the 6th of May last. This officer happened to pitch his tent beside a large cairn upon Point Victory, when, looking about among the loose stones which had fallen from the top of the cairn, he found a small tin case, which upon examination, was discovered to contain the record of the horrible sufferings sustained by the lost crew. The following is said to be a brief abstract of this tale of hardship and woe: 'This cairn was built by the Franklin expedition upon the assumed site of James Ross's pillar, which had not been found. The Erebus and Terror spent their first winter at Beechy Island, after having ascended Wellington Channel to latitude 77 degrees north, and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island. On the 12th of September, 1846, they were beset in latitude 70.05 north, and longitude 98.23 west. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847. On the 22d of April, 1848, the ships were abandoned, five leagues to the northwest of Port Victory, and the survivors, a hundred and five in number, landed here under the command of Captain Crozier.'

"This paper was dated 25th April, 1848, and upon the following day they intended to start for the Great Fish River. The total loss by deaths in the expedition, up to this date, was nine officers and fifteen men. A vast quantity of clothing and stores of all sorts lay strewed about, as if here every article was thrown away which could possibly be dispensed with—pickaxes, shovels, boats, cooking utensils, iron work, rope, blocks, canvas, a dip circle, a sextant engraved 'Frederick Hornby, R. N.,' a small medicine chest, oars, &c. A few miles southward, across Back Bay, a second record was found, having been deposited by Lieut. Gore and M. des Voeux, in May, 1847. It afforded no additional information. When in lat. 69 deg. 09 N., and long. 99 deg. 27 W., Capt. McClintock came to a large boat, discovered by Lieut. Hobson a few days previously. It appears that this boat had been intended for the ascent of Fish River, but was abandoned, apparently upon a return journey to the ships, the sledge upon which she was mounted being pointed in that direction. She measured twenty-eight feet in length by seven and a half feet wide, was most carefully fitted, and made as light as possible; but the sledge was of solid oak, and almost as heavy as the boat. A large quantity of clothing was found within her, also two human skeletons. One of these lay in the after part of the boat, under a pile of clothing; the other, which was much more disturbed, probably by animals, was found in the bow. Five pocket watches, a quantity of silver spoons and forks, and a few religious books, were also found, put no journals, pocket-books, or even names upon any article of clothing. Two double-barrelled guns stood upright against the boat's side, precisely as they had been placed eleven years before.—One barrel in each was loaded and cocked; there was ammunition in abundance, also 300lbs. or 400 lbs. of chocolate, some tea and tobacco. Fuel was not wanting; a drift tree lay within one hundred yards of the boat.

"As there can be no doubt that this statement is strictly and literally true, the dark mystery of Sir John Franklin's fate is finally and conclusively solved. There is no longer room for doubt. Those fond hopes which have been perseveringly adhered to by a few are now without the slightest foundation, and the names of Franklin and his crew must be finally enrolled among that noble army of martyrs who have died in the cause of scientific adventure."

Crinoline and Cigars.—Hoops and widely extended skirts are going out of fashion in Paris. A short time since a melancholy case occurred, the result of which may doubtless be attributed to the fashion which has prevailed too long already. A young English lady, recently married, was residing with her husband in the Champs Elysees. He had just lit a cigar, and had thrown the match into the fire place, when his wife, who was going out with him, went up to the piergl[ill